

THE WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS

A BRIEF RECORD OF PASSING EVENTS IN THIS AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

IN LATE DISPATCHES

GOINGS AND HAPPENINGS THAT MARK THE PROGRESS OF THE AGE.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

ABOUT THE WAR

The steamer *Tunisiana* was torpedoed off Lowestoft by a German submarine. Her skipper was able to beach her.

Thirty-six tons of explosives and metal were fired into Dunkirk from the German positions somewhere behind Dixmude.

A report given out in London said that since June 12 60,000 Russian soldiers and nine Russian guns have been captured.

Five Swedish steamers, lumber laden, bound for England, were captured by German warships in the Baltic sea, according to a Copenhagen dispatch.

A telegram from Vienna says Emperor William and Emperor Francis Joseph purpose to meet soon in the recaptured Galician capital for "fitting ceremonies to mark the end of Russia's dominance of Galicia."

The town of Tarnograd, just inside Russian territory to the north of Sielawa, and the heights of Krezow to the northeast of Tarnograd, are occupied by the troops of the Teutonic allies.

The strongly-fortified Galician town of Grodek, where it was predicted the Russians would make a stubborn stand, has fallen before the Austro-German assault, according to an Austrian official statement.

In an effort to save the Russian main army from complete disaster, Czar Nicholas left Petrograd for the front in Galicia. Although no mention is made of it in the official Russian war statement, the fall of Lemberg has created intense anxiety in the Russian capital. It is believed that thousands of men and material have been captured by the Austro-German forces and that the Slav army, partially surrounded and short of ammunition, will have serious difficulty in extricating itself from its present position.

WESTERN

South Omaha and Dundee have been annexed to Omaha.

A Calexico, Cal., dispatch reports an earthquake extending from there to Yuma, Ariz., in which twenty-seven persons were killed.

The Anaconda Copper Mining Company declared a dividend of 50 cents a share, an increase of 25 cents over the rate paid since last September.

Ninety-two of the 128 men who were indicted at Indianapolis on charges of conspiracy to commit felonies in elections had surrendered and given bond.

Lassen peak, near Redding, Cal., erupted for the 102d time in its modern activity. Reports from Hat Creek valley said the eruption was not dangerous.

Five severe earthquakes occurred at Calexico, Cal., again on the 24th. The first was felt about 8:15, and the succeeding four at intervals until 10:10 p. m.

The Prime Steel Company of Milwaukee filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy, stating liabilities at \$256,533, of which \$88,369 is unsecured. Assets were placed at \$526,098.

Thirty-one large oil tanks, containing more than 333,000 barrels of crude oil, were set on fire by lightning during a terrific electrical storm in the Cushing, Okla., field. Many other districts reported serious oil fires due to lightning. Total losses, it is estimated will reach \$250,000.

WASHINGTON

Robert Lansing, secretary of state ad interim since the resignation of William Jennings Bryan, has been definitely selected by President Wilson for the permanent post, and has accepted.

Secretary Redfield reported at the cabinet meeting that the total trade balance in favor of the United States on June 19 was \$976,000,000. He predicted that the balance for the fiscal year ending July 1 would be in excess of \$1,000,000,000.

Gen. Carranza has informed the United States government that under no circumstances will he treat with Gen. Villa, that he will not compromise with his plans, and that he will continue his plan to crush his adversaries by military campaign.

Officials of the War Department declared that the National Guard of Colorado is in such demoralized condition that twelve of the companies will be dropped from the list of military organizations recognized by the government. Eleven other companies are to be put on probation for one year.

President Wilson left on the 22d on a trip to Boston, N. Y., and Cornish, N. H., with the expectation of being away from the White House for several weeks.

FOREIGN

Italy will harvest 29,294,000 more bushels of wheat this year than in 1914.

Italy is ready to make a new alliance after the war. The Italian government fears a revolution.

King Alfonso of Spain requested Premier Dato to remain in power and to keep in office the entire cabinet which resigned.

China's military forces are to be re-modeled from top to bottom. As a first step, arms of the line regiments are to be unified.

Eleven Austrians are under arrest at Vancouver, B. C., charged with having broken internment regulations by attempting to escape to the United States.

Emperor William has given Archduke Frederick of Austria the rank of field marshal in the Prussian army in recognition of his services in the campaign which resulted in the fall of Lemberg.

An order in council is about to be issued prohibiting exportation of all goods to Holland except those consigned to The Netherlands Overseas trust. This is expected to stop the trade now believed to be passing through Holland into Germany.

George Joseph Smith was placed on trial for his life in Old Bailey in London. He is charged with the murder of three women, with all of whom he went through the marriage ceremony and all of whom were found dead in bath tubs under almost identical circumstances.

Investigation made at Paris by experts is said to have revealed that the aeroplane accident which resulted in the deaths of Lieut. R. A. J. Warneford and Henry Beach Needham, the American writer, June 17, was due to the fact that the men were not strapped to their seats.

A report reached El Paso, Tex., that a large hospital building at Chihuahua, occupied by more than 200 wounded Mexican soldiers, was destroyed by fire, and that all of the inmates were burned to death. The public market at Chihuahua is also reported to have been destroyed by fire.

At Neuville-Sous-Montreuil, Mme. Henry Saint-Paul de Sincay of Paris, who was Miss Mary Louise Logan, daughter of Maj. John A. Logan, U. S. A., killed in the Philippines, and granddaughter of Maj. Gen. John A. Logan, who served under Grant in the Civil war, is conducting one of the largest war hospitals in Belgium in the monastery of the Carthusian monks.

SPORTING NEWS

Standing of Western League Clubs.

Club	Won	Lost	Pct.
Des Moines	35	18	.660
Topeka	30	24	.556
Denver	28	21	.565
Omaha	26	26	.500
Lincoln	25	26	.490
Sioux City	22	30	.423
Wichita	19	28	.404
St. Joseph	20	31	.392

The well matched horses entered for the racing events at Overland park in Denver are attracting large crowds.

Freddie Welsh will retire from the ring within the year, purchase the Selby-Brown estate near Lockport, N. Y., and establish there a health resort.

Gov. Ferris put an end to boxing in Michigan when he sent letters to eighty-three sheriffs telling them to enforce the law against glove contests.

Walter T. Hayes and Ralph Burdick won the tennis doubles city championship at Chicago, defeating Harold Gifford and M. G. Ketchum, 6-3, 6-4, 2-6, 6-4.

The home run made by "Hans" Wagner, the Pittsburgh National's veteran shortstop, in the second inning of the thirteen-inning contest with Philadelphia at Forbes field in Pittsburgh, was the 100th of his career. It brought the number of hits to 3,131.

GENERAL

Governor Whitman continued to maintain silence regarding any plans he may have for extending clemency to Charles Becker, the former New York police lieutenant now under sentence of death, when he arrived at Albany from the Panama-Pacific exposition.

Bentley D. Ackley, a former secretary for "Billy" Sunday, the evangelist, declared that the most effective sermons of Sunday were plagiarized from the sermons of Evangelists Jones, Talmage and Smith, and said that it was time someone told the truth about Sunday.

Eighteen hundred prisoners of Joliet, Ill., penitentiary concentrated in the main dining hall and screamed imprecations on Chicken Joe Campbell, the huge negro held, with ten others, in connection with the murder of Mrs. Odette Bordeaux Allen, wife of Warden Edmund Allen.

Harry K. Thaw, sitting beside his lawyers at the jury trial to test his sanity, at New York, heard sixteen more witnesses—nearly all of them friends he made during his sojourn in Canada and New Hampshire—testify that they believed he was a rational man.

The Thaw sanity case was started before a jury in New York on Tuesday.

Yale conferred 752 degrees in course and ten honorary at its 215th commencement, at New Haven, Conn.

Continued electrical storms, accompanied by heavy rains, were reported in western Arkansas and in eastern Oklahoma, visited by a terrific wind storm a few days ago. Fruit sections are said to have suffered heavy losses.

HARRY HILLEN DIES ON GALLOWS

BOY BANDIT CALM ON DEATH TRAP; MAINTAINED HIS INNOCENCE TO END.

DROP KILLS INSTANTLY

STOOD WITHOUT QUIVER UNTIL HOOD WAS ADJUSTED AND WEIGHT DROPPED.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

HILLEN'S MARCH TO GALLOWS.

Born in Cheyenne, Wyoming, July 13, 1892.

Ran away from his home in San Francisco when 14 years old.

Forged checks, using his father's name.

Later forged uncle's name to checks.

Found guilty for first time and sentenced to serve one year in Utah penitentiary.

Robbed a number of homes on a trip to the East.

Robbed stores in many cities including Chicago, Philadelphia, Kansas City and San Francisco.

Joined the U. S. army.

Deserted from the army.

Came to Colorado as a "hobo" in October, 1913.

Desperate for money, he and a mysterious friend known as "Curley" planned crimes and procured revolvers.

Terrorized Denver, with "Curley" during the week of Oct. 20, 1913; holding up a score of men, taking money only and returning jewelry.

Murdered Thomas Chase, a Denver real estate man, in cold blood, because Chase "smiled at him" and "didn't move fast enough to suit him."

Shot Pullman Conductor Clark, Robert A. D. Henley's grocery at 417 Twentieth street, Oct. 26, 1913.

Arrested Oct. 26.

Confessed to the murder of Chase, and numerous other sensational crimes, Oct. 27, 1913.

Convicted of murder in the first degree, Dec. 18, 1913.

Sentenced by District Court to be hanged some time in the week of April 20, 1914.

Appeal denied by Colorado Supreme Court, March 1, 1915.

Again sentenced to be hanged, some time in the week beginning June 20, 1915.

Appeal made by committee of representative women, to Board of Pardons, to commute sentence to life imprisonment, June 15, 1915. Board refused, same afternoon.

Appeal made to Governor Carlson by condemned man's uncle, R. H. Hillen, for commutation.

Hillen's last hope of executive clemency died, as governor refused even to see his beautiful sister, Irene Hillen, June 22, 1915.

Hillen looks for the last time on his sister's face, when she visits him in the death cell in Cañon City penitentiary, afternoon of June 24, 1915.

Hillen hangs, night of June 24, 1915.

Cañon City, Colo., June 25.—Harry Hillen, Denver "boy bandit," slayer of Thomas Chase in October, 1913, last night took the step on the gallows drop that ended his life. A career of lawlessness, marked by half a hundred crimes, was closed when he walked upon the little square platform in the state penitentiary death chamber; a moment later he was dangling from the end of a rope. He was pronounced dead at 10:30 o'clock.

Blamed Dead on Companions.

Until the final minute of his life Hillen maintained his innocence of the murder of Chase in Denver a year and a half ago. He blamed that deed upon two companions, youths who had helped him in other crimes to which he confessed to the Denver police.

The last hour of Hillen's life began with the assembling of witnesses and officials in the penitentiary. The slayer had made his spiritual peace earlier in the day, with ministrations by Prison Chaplain Blake and the Rev. C. P. Halsey, a Baptist pastor. His sister, Miss Irene Hillen, had spent most of the day with him, bringing confirmation of the news that the governor had refused to interfere in the case.

His spiritual adviser, Chaplain Blake and the Rev. Mr. Halsey, stepped forward, and in tones audible only to the man between them, commended his soul to his Maker. His rites performed, they retired.

Then the black cap—and from the group came shudders. Heads were averted and remained so until the end.

In a twinkling the guards had hobbled the prisoner, leaving him just enough foot freedom to step backward once more. His arms and wrists were fastened to his sides and the guards adjusted the knot carefully and then they stepped back. A low word of command was given from some one in uniform and, obedient though he knew it was fatal, Hillen took the step. He felt the little platform sink slowly and he braced himself rigidly.

The platform's sinking released an 800-pound weight in a side room. The weight fell, carrying with it the other end of the rope which was stretched over a series of pulleys.

The prison physician, Dr. Hart Goodloe, stepped forward and examined the pulse. Shortly he pronounced Harry Hillen dead.

Message by Sister.

When Hillen received a message from his sister in Denver saying she had been unable to obtain the governor's clemency, he seemed unmoved by the tidings.

"I hardly expected anything else," he said, with the same air of calm that had characterized him through his battle against the law.

Secrecy as great as that preceding the hanging was maintained afterward by those who had seen it. Witnesses were not permitted to discuss the case.

THE PLAN ADOPTED.

Let the sons of the patriots glow in the pride That to them by the right of succession—

That to them by the right of succession—

Who of old for the flag made confession—

We've seen them in action with Mauser and Krug, And surely they saw in the fluttering flag—

Stars of hope!—The not only a banner, But shield!

Stripes of merit!—A garland from many a field!

Old Glory! Old Glory! In song and in story Forever you're flying before us!— The red of our blood! The white of our good! And the blue of the sky that smiles o'er us!

We are brothers and sisters by rule from above, We're all of us lovers of freedom, Our daddies never fought for the flag that you love— But their sons are right here when you sing "em!"

And we don't get fault (Mr. Dooley I quote) That we're sons of "the fellows who missed the first boat."

So, brothers and sisters, this message I bring: Our hearts are attuned when we help you to sing:

Old Glory! Old Glory! In song and in story Forever you're flying before us!— The red of our blood! The white of our good! And the blue of the sky that smiles o'er us!

—Grif Alexander.

The SANE FOURTH AT DASHVILLE

by MASON RAY

"A sane Fourth's the thing," observed the portly mayor. He glanced across the table at his wife, then let his wandering gaze come to rest on his pretty daughter June. "There's no sense in burning powder and making a racket to celebrate our nation's independence; I say, let's have a sane Fourth."

"Of course we'll have a picnic," planned the mayor's better half. "The tables can be set under the trees in that grove by the station. We'll get some carpenters to contribute work on them and a speaker's stand."

"The sooner I talk it over with the business men the better," decided Mayor Munshaw. "I'll talk 'em into prohibiting the sale of fireworks. We'll keep 'em from evening and have 'em set off under the auspices of the village. Our councilmen will officiate."

"Dinner ready," trumpeted Dan Hughes of the megaphone voice. "Everybody set up! And those what can't set 'I have to stand!"

Instantly the shifting crowd coalesced like magic about the long table with Reverend Fanning in a central position to say grace, and the mayor stationed at his right. A profound silence settled over the multitude during this invocation, then a buzz of laughter burst forth with redoubled gayety.

"Superintendent Eldridge will now read the corner stone of American liberty," announced Mayor Munshaw at the close of the song. He beamed over the perspiring throng. The celebration was a great success. Not a firecracker in the hands of little boys had disturbed the peace. His patriarchal beard hung straight down over his white vest. He was a dignified and imposing figure. As if actuated by an automatic device the superintendent of Dashville high school rose to his feet as the mayor sat heavily down. His carefully-thought-out preliminary remarks lengthened almost to a lecture while his patient audience stared at him stonily. Above dotted a sky of brass that loaned a sulphurous hue to the furnace-hot atmosphere. Fans slowly waved. Parboiled countenances were turned toward the speaker. He began, at last, to read:

"When, in the course of human events," he intoned sonorously, "it becomes necessary for one people . . ."

Sp-t! Bang! Bang! Sp-t! sounded the staccato notes of something that drowned the reader's full tones. Bang! Bang! Bang! Sp-t! Puff! rolled out accumulated noise—a noise that smote the heavens with projectiles. Projectiles darted like mad in every direction while the choir fled wildly from the place and the councilmen grappled with discharging fireworks.

"Someone must throw a match!" "That's the work of a cigarette brand!"

"Bet-chu some boy did that a purpose," were some of the shouted comments. Meanwhile the frantic efforts of the town council released dormant rockets, pin-wheels, set pieces. The startled audience scattered right and left in confusion. Never since 1776 had the Declaration of Independence been so fittingly introduced and fervently presented. Order was quickly restored. The speaker continued:

"Time to Reflect.

Reflect with reverence, with swelling pride and utter thankfulness upon the great deeds that have made us a nation of strength and courage, upon the heroes whose lives have given additional lustre to the banner of our pride and upon the duty to mankind which it lays upon us to be so imperative

confronted the reader and again Superintendent Eldridge intoned the rounded phrases of our charter of liberty.

" . . . a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them."

"Look!" shouted Dan Hughes of the megaphone voice. "The depot's on fire!"

"The oil tanks! The oil tanks!" shouted a dozen voices. "The tank cars 'll explode!"

They did. At least flames shot upward and seemed to greedily lick the sky. With a dull, prolonged roar ascending fire tongues the heavens while every man, woman and child of Dashville deserted the picnic grounds and raced for the spot. Even Mayor Munshaw managed to join a hastily formed fire brigade and assist in passing water to men on the depot roof. In the thick of fire and smoke he worked valiantly. And when he emerged from the ruins before the final collapse no one would have recognized the mayor of Dashville. His luxuriant beard was no more. Fire had ruthlessly mowed it to his chin. His patriarchal dignity had departed.

The bucket brigade stood back and viewed the roaring conflagration.

"Looks like all hell had broke loose," commented one of the village council.

"Musta been a blazing rocket stick," declared another.

"Or a cigar stub," guessed a third. Straggling at the rear of the last babe-laden woman were June and Tom Norris. June was frightened. She wanted someone to remain at her side and look closely after her welfare. So Tom accepted the office. They turned their backs on the fire and slowly sauntered toward the depopulated town. Never had Tom seen June more charming. Her gown was like a bit of mid-summer sky trimmed with fleecy cloud. Her blue eyes were luminous with love. Her cherry red lips were tempting sweet but when he would have begged a kiss timidly intervened. Instead he looked at the sky and saw, instead of ruby lips, a funnel-shaped cloud of copper hue that approached at meteor speed.

"A cyclone!" he shouted and caught June up in his arms. There was no



time for delay. Swift danger swept away his temerity. He forgot that he was but a struggling bank clerk and June the daughter of Dashville's wealthy mayor. Like any knight of medieval times he was rescuing his lady fair from impending death, death from a rampant cyclone. And, unlike the valorous knight of old who wielded spear in defense of his love, he was forced to the ignominious device of seeking a cellar. It would be the only spot respected by the destroyer. With a vicious lunge he burst in the door of the nearest house that offered basement protection and leaped down the cellar stairs. The next moment there came a grinding roar as if the very universe was being uprooted and flung to the raging winds. Terrified, June clung to her lover while he freely uttered the long delayed words of endearment. In that supreme moment their meeting lips sealed their troth. Then they became aware that the destroying agent had passed, leaving desolation in its wake. The house above them was gone, revealing a lurid sky. About them were strewn the ruins of a razed village. Dashville was mainly kindling wood and scattered stone.

Dust-begrimed, disheveled but absurdly happy the two climbed from the cellar and sought the mayor. The station where Tom Norris owned property was unscathed. It was fortunately at one side of the path of the ruin that included the Munshaw residence and over half the town. He would offer refuge to his future father-in-law and at the same propitious moment ask his daughter's hand in marriage. They met dismayed residents searching among the debris for shattered homes yet thankful for their lives. The Fourth of July picnic had saved them. But for the gathering at the grove many would have been caught in crashing buildings and perished. Finally the mayor, or what was left of him, loomed in view.

"Papa," cried June when she recognized the wreck of her once spic-and-span parent, "Tom saved me! Carried me into a cyclone cellar! But whatever happened to you?"

"Nothing's happened to me," testily declared the foremost citizen of Dashville. "Nothing on earth's happened to me but a condemned sane Fourth that's gone clean looney!"

"Why, papa," said June with a happy glance at her lover, "I think this has been a perfectly beautiful Fourth of July!"

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